

Hypnotic Glint

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Summary: Simba finds an object – an object that can hypnotise anyone who looks at it. Going mad with power, he enslaves the Pride Lands. Can anyone stop him?

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: The Nightmare Effect

AN: Time for things to become dramatic and depressing. Sorry, folks. But big events are coming up soon, and we need... wait for it... *emotional impact!* And that means turning Simba into an emotional wreck – and temporarily making him evil. But every Saturday morning cartoon you ever saw had an episode like that, didn't it? Enough talk! It's time for Simba to meet his dark side...

Hypnotic Glint

Chapter One: The Nightmare Effect

Simba's eyes snapped open, and he sighed. It wasn't even a surprise to him any more. It had happened so often that it just lost its shock value. It was no longer a surprise – it was just terrifying. Too terrifying for Simba to even describe. The nightmares seemed to dig deep into his mind, searching for his darkest fears and ripping them right out for him to see. When Simba had nightmares, he saw the most horrific things his imagination could come up with. Sometimes it made him afraid of *himself*, and that just sounded ridiculous. But it was true. Sad, yes. Outrageous, yes.

But true.

Simba turned his head to the side, and smiled at the sight of Nala. She wasn't afraid of him. Not one bit. She would trust him with her life, and had nothing but the deepest of faith in him. If Nala could pick one person to die for, then it would be Simba. She loved him that much. "You got off lucky," he said to Nala, who was snuggled up next to him, sleeping peacefully. She rarely had nightmares. Whenever she slept, she was always happy. Simba wished he could say the same for himself. But then he would just be lying. "You never have to worry about sleeping. You never have to be afraid of closing your eyes." He sighed, a miserable frown on his face. "I have issues."

"Having another depressing moment?" said Nala, opening one eye and smiling up at her future King. "You speak so sadly that I just can't help but wake up and comfort you," she told him. "What's the problem this time? Is your tuft shrinking?"

Simba chuckled and shook his head. "Nothing on *that* kind of level, Nala. This is far less serious," he joked, before suddenly looking very glum again. "It's the nightmares," he admitted to her. "They're getting worse."

Nala knew all too well about Simba and how he suffered with his subconscious mind. Every time he drifted off to sleep – no matter for how long or how short a time – he always experienced the most horrific, painful, and frightening nightmares imaginable. Every time, without fail. And it just only seemed to get worse as time passed on. It never seemed to trouble Simba during the day, but sometimes, Nala could see the pain, deep in his eyes. Like the pain was buried deep down in the darkest recesses of his soul. And the mere thought of that... just broke Nala's heart. It really did.

"I'm sorry," was all she could manage to say. This was a serious issue for Simba, and she just didn't know how to handle it properly. There wasn't really anything she could say or do that would fix Simba's problems, or make them all float away. She was powerless in all of this. The only thing she really *could* offer him was a hug or a kiss – if that's what he wanted. Other than that, she was nothing. "That sounded stupid," she told Simba. "I just feel so helpless when it comes to things like this. I can really be an idiot sometimes, can't I?"

Simba stared into her eyes. "No way," he scoffed. "You? An idiot? Yeah, right. You're the one thing that keeps me going, Nala," he said, putting a paw on her shoulder. "I need someone beautiful to wake up to, don't I?" He smiled at her. "Trust me. You're not helpless at all. You're the biggest help I've got. Don't tell yourself anything different. Okay?"

Nala felt her heart melt. Even though he appeared to be suffering intense psychological trauma, Simba could still be the most sweetest cub in the entire world. So kind. So caring. So willing to go out of his way to make other people happy, even when he was far from happy himself. He really was amazing. She didn't know anyone else like that.

"Why do you do it, Simba?" Nala asked, wanting to know. How could a cub like Simba – usually cocky, overconfident and mischievous – be so kind and honest and true? It was a strange personality, Nala had to admit, but it was a personality that just... worked. It was very odd. So odd that Nala just had to ask him about it. "Why are you like this? I mean, here you are... all sad and frowning, but... you go out of your way to be nice to me. Why are you like that?"

Simba shrugged in response, not really knowing the answer. He never really took the time to properly examine his own personality. There were other things on his mind. He didn't know why he did these things, he just... did them. There wasn't really a reason. "I guess I just... don't want to make you worry about me," he finally answered. "You don't want to hear about what horrific nightmares I've been having."

"I care about you, Simba," she told him honestly. "And that means I *want* to know about your problems. Just like you'd want to hear about *my* problems. Right?" They trusted each other, which meant they should tell each other everything. It was all between the two of them. No one else came into it.

Simba stared into her teal eyes, and nodded. "Yeah. But..." He flinched, looking away from Nala. "It was just so bad," he told her, finding it painful to remember the nightmare he'd had. The nightmare he'd *suffered*. "So bad that... even talking about it hurts. It's wrong."

"You can tell me, Simba," Nala assured him. "It's okay. I'm not going to tell anyone else. What was your nightmare about?"

Simba sighed, closing his eyes. He could see the brutal, unforgiving images appear in front of him. It lingered like a bad taste in the back of his mouth. "It was you," he finally said. "All of you. You, Mom, Dad... You were all burning. You were trapped in... some kind of fire. You were calling to me, begging, *pleading* for me to help you. But no matter how hard I tried... I just couldn't get to you. I couldn't save you. And you..." Simba could feel tears dripping down his cheeks. "You melted. Right in front of me. First all your skin... and then all your insides, and then... just bones," he finished, quivering with fear. "Then nothing. You were gone. Dead. But you still wouldn't stop screaming."

Nala stared at him sympathetically. "It wasn't real," she reminded him. "Always remember that, Simba. This is real life. I'm really here. I'm not burning, and neither is anyone else. It's just your mind messing with you."

"It's not my mind," Simba stated. "It's Hago."

Nala gasped, and Simba couldn't really blame her. Hago was by far the lion who had caused the two of them the most trouble. He despised them with a passion. They had wrecked every single one of his plans. His evil hopes and dreams had gone up in smoke – along with his body.

But the one thing Nala couldn't understand was how Hago was doing this. "But, Simba," she said softly, "how can Hago make you have these nightmares?"

Simba shook his head. "I don't know," he admitted, looking the saddest Nala had ever seen him before. "I just don't know."

Chapter 2: Chapter 2: You Don't Deserve It

Chapter Two: You Don't Deserve It

Nala couldn't help it. She hugged Simba. Wrapped her paws around him in a warm, tight embrace. The poor guy. He was so troubled. So torn up inside. And he just refused to show it. No matter what happened to him. He never showed what he was truly feeling on the inside. Pain. Relentless, tormenting pain that twisted his insides. He needed help. Nala knew that. He needed serious help. This was all becoming too much. He couldn't handle this on his own. He needed some way of coping with it.

"Thanks, Nala," Simba said, still sounding as sad as ever. Even her warmest hugs just didn't seem to have an effect any more. These nightmares had gone beyond just scaring him in his sleep. They were beginning to scare him in real life, too. The horrific images from his brutal nightmares were creeping into reality, for some purpose or other. "I don't know how it'll help, though. Feels like nothing will. I'm..." He felt a lump in his throat. "I'm afraid," he admitted. "What if it never stops, and I'm stuck like this my whole life? I thought... I thought it would just go away after a while, but it doesn't." He stared at Nala, tears in his eyes. "What am I gonna do?"

"Well..." Nala was fearful of what Simba's reaction to this might be, but she decided to say it anyway. "Have you ever thought about... telling your parents?" she asked. "I mean, maybe they can help you," she suggested. "You never know, they might have an idea of what the cause is. What do you think?"

Simba stared down at the ground. "They won't help me," he stated, making it sound like that was a cold, hard fact. "When have they ever helped me before? When I wouldn't stop growing up, they sat back and did nothing. When my Dad's kingdom got taken over by Hago, I had to save it. They never help. I'm always the one who's helping *them*. I was right – they *are* selfish. They just want me to do all their work for them. I might as well become the King right now. It wouldn't make much of a difference."

"Simba, your parents *will* help you," Nala insisted. "I know sometimes that they don't seem very useful, but trust me. If you just explain to them about these nightmares, then I'm sure they'll know something. They *have* to! And then... maybe we can start to fix this. Make you right again."

"Make *me* right?" Simba stared up at her, his eyes widened. "There's nothing wrong with *me*! It's Hago! He's creating the nightmares! He's sticking them in my head! He's the one causing all the trouble! It's not me! What do you think I am, crazy or something?" he exclaimed, staring at Nala. He couldn't believe how she was acting! Now all of a sudden he was insane?

"No, I don't think you're crazy," Nala replied, shaking her head. "It's just that... Hago's dead, Simba. He can't just come back like that. I know he appears in some of your nightmares, but that doesn't exactly mean that he's causing them to—"

"Are you calling me a liar?" Simba interrupted, glaring at Nala angrily. "Is that it, Nala? Do you want me to tell my parents just so they'll think I'm lying, and I'll get in trouble? Do you want me to shut up about the nightmares? Is that what you want from me? Because that's why I don't talk about them in the first place! If you don't want me to talk about them then just say so!"

"Simba, you're missing the point!" Nala exclaimed. "I want you to tell your parents so you can get some help! You're not well! I don't know *what's* causing your nightmares, but whether it's you, or something else, you still need someone to help you! If you don't get help, then this will just keep repeating itself for ever! Is that what you want?"

Simba growled loudly at her. "Shut up," he snarled. "I don't need your opinion on this any more, Nala. I was an idiot to tell you in the first place. I should have known that you'd try to make it look like I'm insane or something. Maybe it's because you want to look like the hero for once. I bet you're just jealous of me, so you want everyone to think I'm crazy!"

"No!" Nala insisted, her eyes wide. "I would *never* do that to you, Simba! Just *look* at yourself! You're just being suspicious. I don't want everyone to think you're crazy! I want you to get some *help*. Stop being so paranoid!"

"Ooh, big word!" Simba teased. "Stop trying to make it look like you're better than me at everything, Nala. I know you're a total freak when it comes to competitions, but now you're just being ridiculous."

"Simba, stop it!" Nala cried. Now he was just being hurtful towards her. "You're acting like a big bully, and it's *really* hurting my feelings!" She was just trying to offer her help, and he refused to accept it. Just what was Simba's problem? Did he *want* to be stuck like this for ever? If he complained about it so much, then why did he refuse help?

"Boo hoo, Nala," Simba replied. "My feelings have been hurt enough already. First by Hago, then my parents, and now you. It's about time someone else got their feelings hurt for once. I deserve more than what I get!"

"Now who's selfish?" Nala retorted. "You've got all you could possibly want, Simba! You're a prince, and you've got a great family, and you've got friends! Simba, what more could you possibly ask for?"

"With friends like you, who needs enemies?" Simba said with a shrug, turning away from Nala. That was it. It was just him. Alone in the world. Nobody else cared. Not even Nala. Everyone had betrayed him.

Nala gasped, her eyes widening in horror. She couldn't believe he'd actually said that. That was a truly *horrible* thing for him to say! Especially for the cub she thought not a few moments ago was so kind and caring. "Simba! How could you even—"

"And you can forget about being my Princess, too," Simba interrupted. "You don't deserve it." With that, he walked out of the den, his head hanging low. His mind was made up. He was leaving the Pride Lands. For ever. He'd find somewhere else to live. Somewhere where he'd have a better life. Away from all these traitors. *I should have stayed with that stupid meerkat and that dumb warthog when I had the chance.*

Nala just stood there, looking truly shocked. That last sentence Simba had said to her had broken her heart. Had he really just said that? Had the cub she *thought* she loved really just said that she wasn't his Princess anymore? That she didn't deserve it?

Nala slowly lowered her head, closing her eyes. *It's over*, she thought. *Simba's gone, and he's never coming back ever again.* She sobbed as tears streamed down her cheeks. *And he's broken my heart.*

AN: Bet you didn't expect that, did you? I successfully turned an adorable moment into an extremely bleak moment. Reading that just *stings*, doesn't it? But don't worry. It isn't over until the fat lady sings, as some idiot once said. After all, there are five more chapters to go. Maybe Simba and Nala can reconcile? Or maybe they'll end up hating each other for all eternity. Either way, it's sure to be a blast, so come back tomorrow!

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: No One Understands

AN: Ouch. Some of you aren't very happy with Simba's behaviour. Well, it's only going to get more reckless. Somebody stop him before it's too late!

StonedMonkey1: Yeah... Saturday morning cartoons with those episodes were the best, weren't they? I can't resist taking inspiration from them...

blaurgh: That has to be one of the funniest reviews I've received in along while. Keep playing the world's smallest violin.

That's it from me. Go read the next two chapters!

Chapter Three: No One Understands

Why doesn't anyone understand? Simba complained as he marched away from Pride Rock, not even bothering to glance back at his former home. *No one cares about me! I do everything for them. Everything! And this is how they repay me. They just throw it all back in my face.* His head hanging low, Simba stared down at the ground miserably. *But it's all over now. I won't have to suffer any more.*

Simba took a deep breath, and held his head up high. That was the last straw. Nala didn't want to help him. She just wanted to get him into trouble! How could she be so cruel to him? He'd done so much for her: he became her friend; did everything she asked him to; and had saved her life more times than he cared to remember. And *this* was how she repaid him? By trying to make out that he was insane? That his nightmares were just all in his head? What an idiot!

No one understands, Simba thought, frowning. *They all think I'm fine. If I told anyone else about this, then they'd just think I was lying. But I'm not. There's something coming. In the darkness. And if dark, evil forces start attacking the kingdom, then they'd better not come crying to me, because I won't help them. They don't deserve it. No one deserves it.*

Simba strode past the water hole, wondering what his next move would be. "I've got to get out of here," he said to himself. "All they want is for me to grow up and become the King. Well, they can forget it. Someone else can take over the kingdom. I've already protected it more times than the Great Kings of the Past combined!"

Simba sighed. "So where do I go from here?" he asked himself, traipsing through a field with tall, thin grass that lightly swayed left and right in the morning breeze. "There's gotta be somewhere I can go." He thought for a moment, and then, he smiled. "The jungle!" he exclaimed, as a grin slowly formed on his face. "If Tojo and Tama can live there, then I can live there, too! I can start my own kingdom – away from all those traitors who betrayed me! They'll regret using me for the rest of their lives! Except for Nala, of course. I should have seen it right from the start. The only person she cares about is herself!"

"No way!" Nala stated, pacing back and forth inside the den. "He's not getting away with this!" she told herself. "I'm not gonna let him get to me like that! He needs help, and he's *getting* help!"

Nala was trying her best to ignore the burning pain that Simba had inflicted upon her with his hurtful words. She decided to focus on the most important thing right now: getting Simba the help he deserved.

Even though he had seriously hurt her feelings, Nala still loved him. He didn't mean it. She knew he couldn't last a day without her. It wouldn't be long before he came stumbling back into the den with his tail between his legs. That was a certainty. It was bound to happen...

Or *was* it? A sudden thought struck Nala. "But what if he *did* mean it?" she wondered aloud, looking towards the den opening. "What if he's run away from the Pride Lands, and never wants to come back?" She nibbled on one of her claws, a worried look on her face. "I can't let that happen. My whole life would be over. Where else I am gonna find someone who loves me?"

"Talking to yourself again, honey?" said Sarafina, staring up at her cub. "You do that a lot when you're stressed – or worried about something. Let me guess – you've fallen out with Simba?"

"Oh, I'm afraid it's a bit more serious than that, Mom," Nala replied. "But I'm sorry if I woke you up. I can't help it. I just do this kind of thing automatically. Pretty dumb, huh?"

"Don't be so hard on yourself, Nala," Sarafina said. "Now why don't you tell me about your troubles? I can already tell it's serious – you look like your heart's been ripped out and eaten right in front of you."

"What a perfect way of describing it," Nala mumbled, a sad frown on her face. "Simba said that I'm not his Princess any more. I was just trying to help him with a big problem he has, and then he just started accusing me of trying to make out that he was crazy. But I wasn't at all! I was only trying to help him."

"I see," said Sarafina, narrowing her eyes in thought. "Well... Have you thought about following him?"

Nala shot her mother a surprised look. "Huh?" she exclaimed. "You... You want me to *follow* him? How is *that* supposed to help with our failed relationship? If I go after him then he might..." She looked down at the ground, a shy look on her face. "He might hurt me even more."

"Don't worry about it, Nala," Sarafina told her. "I argued with your father when we were cubs. He used to jump up and down in anger, before running away from me as fast as he could. But he was always quick to come back and say he was sorry. And then before you knew it we were friends again."

"So what's this got to do with following him?" Nala asked, narrowing her eyes. "From what you're saying, it sounds like Simba's going to come right back here."

"Exactly!" Sarafina exclaimed. "So, catch him by surprise! Go after him! Make him agree to your demands! You're his future Queen! He *has* to do what you say!"

"Uh... I don't know how they used to do things when you were a cub, Mom, but I'm not exactly the 'controlling' type. Maybe I should just follow him and have a peaceful conversation." Nala smiled, warming to her idea. "Yeah. That sounds like it'll work. I'll just try not to get Simba all worked up."

"I still think my idea was pretty good," said Sarafina. "But whatever. You do what you want to. I still prefer the 'controlling' approach, though. It reminds me of your father. He never stopped asking me to marry him," she lied. Actually, it was the other way around...

"It's settled, then," Nala decided. "I'm going to go after Simba, and we're going to figure this out – together. Thanks, Mom."

"Mother knows best, dear," Sarafina said, before letting out a yawn and closing her eyes. "Mother also needs a nap, too. Don't forget to come back later and tell me all about it, though."

"Sure thing, Mom," Nala said, walking out of the den. "See you later!"

That's my girl... Sarafina thought as she drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: Glinting with Greed

Chapter Four: Glinting with Greed

Nala hopped over a tiny river, following the paw prints on the ground. Paw prints that she recognised as belonging to Simba. "Come on, Simba..." she muttered, looking around the area of the jungle she was in. "Where are you? You can't just keep running for ever..."

She didn't really know what she was going to say to Simba when she found him, but she knew that she had to convince him to get some help. He needed to tell his parents about these constant nightmares he was having. They were beginning to seriously affect him, and Nala feared that it could get worse. He needed to put a stop to it, before it was too late...

Maybe I stand a better chance of making up with him, too, she thought hopefully, thinking back to the horrible things Simba had said to her earlier before he ran away. *It's not going to end like this. I'm not going to let that happen. Me and Simba are supposed to be together for ever... I know it.*

Nala looked up ahead, and could see the paw prints leading into an area thick with trees and bushes, branches sticking out from every angle. *What's he doing all the way out here?* she wondered. *He's going to hurt himself if I can't get to him in time. I know what he's like when he's angry.*

"Ow!" Simba cried as a thin tree branch suddenly lunged out at him, smacking him in the face. "What is *wrong* with this jungle?" he groaned angrily, glaring at the branch. "Does everything in the world just want to hurt me? 'Cause that's what it feels like! Stupid branches..."

Simba took a few steps forward, and felt twigs snap under his paws. "I knew I should have turned left," he said, frowning. "Now I've got all of this mess to deal with. I hate my life..." He looked up at what was ahead of him, and his frown only managed to widen. The trees were very close together, and their branches were tightly intertwined with each other. Escaping this area would be tough... "Just my luck."

Simba ducked under a low branch, squeezing his body in between two trees. He popped out into a clearing, which was thick with bushes. He sighed, looking around. "Now what?" he asked himself. "Just how the heck am I suppose to get out of..."

Suddenly, Simba saw something in one of the bushes. Something... bright. Something... twinkling. Something... shiny. "Here?" he finished, turning around so he was focusing on the bush. Taking a few steps towards it, Simba found himself instantly intrigued. "What *is* that?" he wondered.

Using one of his paws, Simba reached into the bush, and gripped something hard. "Huh?" he exclaimed, before pulling his paw back out, along with the object inside the bush. "Whoa..."

It was some kind of diamond. A big, transparent, sparkling diamond. It was the shiniest thing Simba had ever laid eyes on. "Wow..." he gasped, his eyes widening as he stared at the object. "I've never seen anything like this before. I wonder what it *does*..." Simba's eyes darted left and right, to make sure no one else was around. "Well, whatever it is, I know it's mine now."

"Simba!" Nala's voice echoed through the clearing, catching Simba by surprise. "We really need to talk about your problems. You can't just keep running away from them all the time."

Simba groaned, rolling his eyes. Great. Now Nala was here to try and get him to admit that he was 'crazy' again. "Oh, what do you want now?" he asked, turning around to face her.

Nala stood in front of him. "Simba, I need you to admit that you have a—" She suddenly stopped when she saw the shining diamond Simba held in his paw.

"Nala?" Simba called, staring at her. "Nala? In case you haven't noticed, you've stopped talking. Which actually surprises me a little."

Sunlight shone down on the diamond, causing it to reflect light all over the place. Nala stared down at the shiny object, her eyes wide, completely mesmerised. A goofy smile appeared on her face, and spinning red spirals appeared in her eyes.

"Nala?" Simba waved a paw in front of her face, but got no kind of response from her. "How are you doing that with your

eyes? If anything, *you're* the one who looks crazy! Not me!"

Nala just stared down at the shiny diamond, entranced. "Pretty, pretty, shiny, shiny..." she muttered, totally lost in the diamond's beauty.

Simba's eyes widened. "Wait..." He looked down at the diamond, and then chuckled. "You want your paws on this?" He held the diamond up. "Well, you can't have it! It's mine! Stop being so selfish all the time. Do you always have to have everything you see right in front of you?"

Nala continued to look totally hypnotised. "Pretty, pretty, shiny, shiny..." she repeated.

Simba thought for a moment. But then, a smile slowly spread across his face. "Wait a sec..." He grinned. "It's hypnotised you," he concluded, staring down at the diamond. "I'm right, aren't I?"

"You are my master..." Nala replied in a hypnotic tone. "I will obey your every command..."

"My every command?" Simba snickered, loving every second of this. "Oh, this is genius!" he exclaimed. "You're totally in my power! Finally! I actually have control over something!" He lay down on his back, thinking. "Hmm... So if you're under my control, then just think of the *other* people I can hypnotise with this baby!" he said, holding up the diamond. "I could make myself the King! That's what everyone wants from me anyway!"

"I obey your every wish..." Nala said, sounding dazed and distant. "Every wish..."

A sinister smile spread across Simba's face. "Good," he said. "Which means that you can be my loving Queen! A Queen who won't complain about everything! A Queen who won't try to make out that I'm crazy!"

"Anything..." Nala obeyed. "You are my eternal master..."

"It's about time," said Simba, staring down at the diamond, his eyes glinting with greed. "Me and you are going to have a lot of fun," he told the inanimate object. "Lots and *lots* of fun..."

The diamond seemed to glint in response, and that just made Simba even greedier. He wanted power. Lots of power. He wanted to control the whole of the Pride Lands. The kingdom would be his! He'd be the best King of them all! Everyone was going to obey his every command!

He was sure of that, because with his newfound power, no one would be able to argue against him.

"Come on, Nala. We have much to do," he said with an evil chuckle, before popping the diamond in his mouth and walking back the way he came. *It won't be long before I'm ruling it all...*

AN: Oh, dear. Simba's lost it. His mind has snapped. He's gone cuckoo. That diamond has made him go mad with power. And the worst part is that no one can stop him! Nala's already under his control, so it'll only be a matter of time before everyone else is, too! Can no one stop his reign of terror? Soon he shall enslave the *world*!

Wow, I really take this seriously, don't I? Curse my strange imagination!

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Power of the Shiny Thing

AN: Ha-ha-ha! How did I know you were all going to get that *My Gym Partner's a Monkey* quote? I couldn't resist sticking it in! It just makes me laugh. Every time!

blaurgh: How do I write so fast? Actually, I have no idea. Just a gift, I suppose. And yeah – I do live at my computer a little bit. But I eat a lot of carrots, so I won't go blind. If I did, then that would make writing these a bit difficult, wouldn't it?

KShara Khan: Oh – so my imagination *is* good? Hooray! That still doesn't mean it's not strange, though. But I don't really mind. It's good for originality!

Chapter Five: Power of the Shiny Thing

"Just look at them all!" Simba exclaimed as he stood by the water hole, watching the cubs playing with each other. "Fools. All of them. They know nothing. They don't even deserve to live in my kingdom! They're just lucky that I'm a very nice King." He turned to Nala, who was holding the diamond. "Nala, give me the diamond," he ordered, holding out his paw. "It's time to make the cubs more... obedient."

"Yes, Simba..." Nala obeyed, giving him the shiny diamond. "I will do anything for you..."

Simba smiled evilly. "That's what I like to hear," he said, before striding over to the cubs. "Hello, losers!" he called, catching the cubs' attention immediately. "Your brand-new King has something for you to see."

"Losers?" one cub exclaimed, staring at Simba angrily. "Who do you think you're talking to?"

"You, *duh*!" Simba replied. "All of you. You're pathetic. But I can fix that, if you'll just look at this..."

Simba grinned widely as he held up the diamond. Sunlight shone down on it, causing the diamond to sparkle brightly with light, which reflected everywhere.

The result was instantaneous. The cubs were immediately entranced, red spirals spinning in their eyes. "Pretty, pretty, shiny, shiny..." they all said in unison, staring at the diamond. In just a matter of seconds, they were all under Simba's control.

Simba tossed his head back and cackled at the top of his voice. "Yes!" he cried, embracing the power he had been granted. "At long last! The idiots are finally respecting me!" He looked down at the sparkling diamond held in his paw, and stroked it gently. "And it's all thanks to you." He rubbed it against his cheek softly. "Simba *loves* the shiny thing! Simba will look after it for ever and ever..."

"What is your next command, master?" the cubs all asked, willing to do anything for Simba now.

Simba chuckled sinisterly, and pointed to Pride Rock in the distance. "To Pride Rock! I think it's time for me to become the King I was *born* to be!"

"... So then Nala starts talking about how she thinks she's lost Simba," Sarafina told Sarabi, as they sat inside the den, talking to each other. "But cubs are always falling out like that. You know what they're like."

"Simba and Nala had an argument?" said Sarabi, surprised. Normally, Simba and Nala *never* argued. At least, not to her knowledge. Such an occurrence was rather... strange, she had to admit. "Over what?"

"Oh, over a certain problem Simba had," Sarafina replied. "Something like that. Of course, I helped Nala out with a bit of my motherly knowledge."

"What did you tell her?" Sarabi asked, curious. Sarafina was always giving out advice left, right and centre. She just happened to be a very wise and intelligent lioness – even if she was a little odd. But that was one of the things Sarabi admired about her the most.

"I told her she should go after him," Sarafina said. "Well, I did say she should go after him and force Simba to give in to her demands, but she thought it would be better to talk it out with him in a very calm and peaceful way. Actually, I don't know *why* she decided to take that approach. I didn't mind when my mate kept asking me to marry him all the time."

Sarabi narrowed her eyes. "Wait, but didn't you say that it was *you* who wouldn't stop asking your mate to—"

"Anyway," Sarafina interrupted, "I think that the Prince and Princess are back together. You wouldn't see them breaking up any time soon!" she exclaimed with a laugh. "They'll be back in here any second, talking and laughing like they always do."

"Oh..." Sarabi's eyes narrowed in anger when she saw something. "For some reason, I sincerely doubt that."

"Huh?" Sarafina turned to look at her best friend. "What do you mean?"

"There is an army of cubs marching towards us, with spirals in their eyes and very entranced looks on their faces, all being led by Simba," Sarabi explained, sighing. "Just another ordinary day, really, isn't it?"

"*Ordinary?*" Sarafina looked towards the den entrance, to see that Simba was indeed leading an army of cubs into the den. "What part of that is...? Ooh..." Sarafina stopped talking when she saw the shiny diamond Simba held in his paw.

"What is it?" Sarabi asked, looking at Sarafina. "Why do you look so dazed?"

Spinning red spirals appeared in Sarafina's eyes, and a wide smile spread across her face. "Pretty, pretty, shiny, shiny..." she said, instantly mesmerised by the diamond's magical power.

Sarabi followed her gaze, and before she knew it, *she* was hypnotised, too. "Pretty, pretty, shiny, shiny..."

In fact, *all* of the lionesses in the den had been hypnotised, which only pleased Simba even more. "This is great!" he exclaimed, a big grin on his face. "It's only been a few minutes and *already* I'm running the kingdom! What do you think about that, Nala?"

"Pretty, pretty, shiny, shiny..." Nala replied, her eyes focused on the sparkling diamond.

"I knew you were going to say that," Simba said, smiling. "Now, I think I'll have the lionesses all hunt me some food, while I lay down and soak up the sun. It's fun being the King. Nala, carry me to the edge of Pride Rock." He climbed onto Nala's back, gesturing for her to move forward. "Now!"

"Yes, master..." Nala carried him out of the den, making her way up Pride Rock until she reached the edge.

Simba rolled from Nala's back to his paws, slumping to the ground, staring down at what had become his new kingdom. He chuckled evilly. "It's all mine, Nala. All mine..." He held the diamond up to his face. "Well, *ours*," he said, petting the diamond affectionately. "*Our* kingdom, my precious... little... *shiny* thing..."

"What is your next command, master?" Nala asked, eager to serve her King.

Simba pulled her close, a sly look in his eyes. "How about a kiss?" he asked, raising his eyebrows at her.

"Yes, master..." Nala leaned in and kissed him on the muzzle, happy to oblige...

"Wow..." Haiba opened his mouth and let out a big yawn as he awoke, stretching his body out. "You can't say the Pride Lands aren't comfy," he said, slowly getting to his paws.

He blinked a few times, and then looked around the den. His eyes widened in surprise when he saw all of the lionesses staring back at him. They all had spinning red spirals in their eyes. It looked like they had been hypnotised or something. "Oh, dear..."

"He has been untouched!" one lioness hissed, pointing to Haiba with a claw. "He has not been cleansed of imperfection by the power of the Shiny Thing!"

"He will be brought to King Simba," Sarabi announced, taking a step towards Haiba. "He will decide what to do with him."

"*King* Simba?" Haiba raised an eyebrow. "Ladies, please, I think you're giving Simba too much credit. He's not scheduled to be the King for at least another—" A lioness roughly grabbed Haiba by the throat, and started dragging him outside the den. "Hey! Normally, I would consider being touched by a cute lioness a good thing, but the circumstances are different this time!"

***Chapter 6*: Chapter 6: The Truth Comes Out**

Chapter Six: The Truth Comes Out

Haiba was violently thrown at Simba's paws, landing on the ground hard. "Hey, watch the fur!" he shouted at the lioness who had just dragged him out of the den. "And to think I was having a good day, too!"

He looked up to see Simba staring down at him, a curious look on his face. "Haiba?" he said, looking surprised. "You're looking awfully... un-hypnotised," he said. "I must say this is a cause for concern."

"Simba, what is going on?" Haiba asked, feeling more confused than the time when he'd had to eat a frog. His mother had said something like 'it would keep his energy levels up,' or something like that. "Everyone around here is suddenly saying that you're the King. Has the whole pride gone crazy or something?"

"Oh, I'm afraid not, Haiba," Simba replied, as he lay on his back, casually inspecting his claws. "Things have changed," he told him. "I am now the new King. I'm moving the Pride Lands in a new direction. *My* direction," he said with an evil chuckle.

"But... I d-don't u-understand," Haiba sputtered, staring at Simba with wide eyes. "You?" he exclaimed, pointing to Simba with a claw. "The King? How? This makes no sense..." he said, shaking his head.

"You may find it very confusing," Simba agreed. "But most of my other subjects have taken to it very well. They are *ever* so obedient, after all. They do whatever I ask them to. And hey..." He shrugged. "I'm not complaining."

Haiba noticed the spirals all of the lionesses had in their eyes, and instantly became suspicious. "You've done something to them," he concluded, staring at Simba. "Haven't you?"

"It's not what I've done to them," Simba replied, pointing to himself. "It's what my new friend has done to them. He's shared his greatness with everyone here," he said, as if speaking about someone he dearly loved. "He is such a kind, caring friend."

"Okay." Haiba had a worried look on his face. "I'm officially freaked out now. What the heck are you talking about?" he yelled, trying to knock some sense into Simba. "You're just talking complete nonsense! A 'new friend'? What kind of a friend makes lionesses think you're the King?"

Simba smiled, reached behind his back, and pulled out the shiny diamond, which seemed to sparkle even more now. "*This* is my new friend," he said, holding it up for Haiba to see.

"Pretty, pretty, shiny, shiny..." the lionesses said at the sight of it, their smiles growing wider.

Haiba stared down at the diamond, and then frowned. "*That's* your new friend?" he said, pointing to it. "An Uchoyo Diamond?"

Simba looked surprised. "Huh?" he exclaimed, looking at Haiba and then at the diamond. This didn't make any sense. Why wasn't Haiba under his control right now? This wasn't supposed to happen! "But... But why aren't you hypnotised?" he asked, confused.

Haiba chuckled in response. "You expect me to be hypnotised by an Uchoyo Diamond?" he exclaimed, before shaking his head. "I don't think so, Simba. I used to see these things all the time back at the Grand Lands."

Simba shielded the diamond from view, an offended look on his face. "No!" he cried. "The Shiny Thing is special! Only the important ones can gaze upon it..." he said, stroking it softly.

"They're actually a valuable food source," Haiba explained. "You can't exactly swallow it, what with it being so hard and all, but take one lick and you get a nice, salty taste. It never wears off, so essentially you'd never go hungry. You used to be able to find them at the bottom of deep caves, but my mother banned anyone from eating them because of the effect they had on people. Take one look and you become mesmerised. Of course, because as I explained to you, my mind is a little messed up, so their hypnotic effect doesn't work on me. I can't believe you're getting so passionate about a stupid thing like that!"

Simba hissed angrily at him. "No one insults the Shiny Thing!" he declared. He felt so strongly about his precious diamond that he wouldn't have anyone speaking bad things about it. It needed a gentle touch. It needed care and affection. It needed love.

"Simba, you're crazy!" Haiba exclaimed. "You've hypnotised the whole pride! You've got to destroy it – now!" he ordered, pointing to the diamond. "Before you lose your mind!"

Simba gasped loudly, his eyes widening in horror. "*Destroy* it?" he yelled. "How *dare* you? No one will speak of the Shiny Thing like that in *my* presence! Anyone who does so will be severely punished!"

"You can't be serious," said Haiba, shaking his head in disbelief. "Am I dreaming? I hope I am, because this has to be one of the most stupidest things I've ever witnessed! Next to that incident with the elephant and the pig, but I won't go into details right now."

"Shall we destroy him, master?" Nala offered, taking a step forward. "We'll make sure he won't cause any more trouble. Any more trouble..."

"You'll be in loads of trouble when your Dad finds out about this!" Haiba told Simba.

"Already taken care of," Simba replied. "I ran into him on my way to Pride Rock. I'm afraid to say that he's all tied up at the moment."

Deep in the middle of the jungle, King Mufasa had been tied to a tree, his forepaws fixed together with vines. *This takes me back to the night when Sarabi and I... Well, let's just say it resulted in Simba's birth.*

"So what are you going to do to me?" Haiba asked Simba. "Break my legs, one at a time? Twist my head slowly until it comes off? Pull my brain out through my nose?"

"I'm not a monster," Simba replied. "I'm just going to have you thrown out of my kingdom. You are no longer welcome."

"I kind figured that," he said, frowning.

Simba gestured with his paw to the lionesses. "Get rid of him," he instructed. "And make sure he never comes back."

Two lionesses grabbed Haiba, and started dragging him away from Simba by his forepaws. "You're making a mistake, Simba! You don't know what you're dealing with! If they stay hypnotised for too long then they'll be like that for ever!"

"I've heard enough," Simba said, not listening to Haiba any more. "All I care about is my new kingdom, and the wellbeing of my..." He held up the diamond, his eyes growing wide. "Shiny Thing."

"Pretty, pretty, shiny, shiny..." all of the lionesses said, becoming even more entranced.

Simba grinned evilly. "Stuck like this for ever?" he said. "I like the sound of that..."

AN: Hypnotised for ever? The stakes are high, aren't they? And Simba isn't around to save everyone – because he's the cause of it! I think it's time we all just gave up. Pretty, pretty, shiny, shiny...

Yeah. It's *still* funny!

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Who's Controlling Who?

AN: Things weren't looking good at the end of the last chapter. Can they get any better?

blaurgh: Good at uncovering my Swahili phrases, aren't you? I don't mind. You're kind of *supposed* to find out, if you get what I mean. Like little secrets hidden in the stories. Keep translating. It's fun!

KShara Khan: It's odd seeing Simba as a villain, isn't it? Let's just hope he reverts back to his good ways...

Chapter Seven: Who's Controlling Who?

"Yow!" Haiba exclaimed as he was sent rolling down a long hill, bumping and bouncing all over the place, until he stopped at the bottom. "What the heck is wrong with these lionesses? They may be cute, but they're certainly not friendly!" he shouted, panting as he pulled himself to his paws. "Now what am I going to do?"

Haiba had to admit that he was totally clueless on this. It was rare that he ever got himself into a deadly situation. In fact, the closest he'd ever got to deadly when his mother had set him up for a date with Princess Inatisha. Now *that* was deadly! Never had he met a more scary cub...

But this was something else. It wasn't just one cub – it was a whole pride! Using the Uchoyo Diamond, Simba had successfully hypnotised the entire pride into doing whatever he wanted. There was no way to break the hypnotic hold over them without destroying the diamond itself. Haiba knew that was going to be tricky. How could he get to the diamond when the whole pride would do everything they could to stop him?

"Come on, Haiba," he said to himself, hitting the side of his head. "You can think of something. You've *got* to. Otherwise it'll be too late... and the pride will stay hypnotised for ever!"

Haiba knew that the Uchoyo Diamond never lost its hypnotic effect, unless it was destroyed. However, if someone stayed hypnotised for a long period of time, then they would stay that way for ever, whether or not it was destroyed. If Haiba couldn't do something to stop Simba, then the Pride Landers would remain his loyal servants, captivated by the mystical power of the diamond.

"So..." Haiba paced back and forth around the section of the Outlands the lionesses had thrown him into, trying to think of something quickly. He didn't have much time. Maybe an hour at the most. The Uchoyo diamond was *that* powerful. "I have to stop Simba, but I *can't* stop Simba. Well, this isn't looking too good right now, is it?" He groaned, looking up at the sky. "Why me?"

Normally, Haiba would have left this kind of heroic business to Simba. He was good at dealing with this sort of thing. But there was just one problem: he was the *cause* of the trouble! He would have asked Nala for help, but *she* had been hypnotised, too! It wasn't looking good for him at all...

Sometimes I really wish I wasn't me, Haiba thought, tugging at the fur on top of his head. He couldn't think of anything. His mind had drawn a total blank. He just didn't have any smart ideas! It was tough to think when the freedom of a whole pride was at stake.

Haiba shrugged, turning away from the hill he had been thrown down. "I could always run away," he suggested to himself. "Simba's not exactly going to come after me. I could go back home – to the Grand Lands. Mom wouldn't exactly mind..." He considered the idea for a moment, and then shook his head. "No," he decided. "That would be something a coward would do. And I am *not* a coward!"

Haiba closed his eyes as tight as he could, straining to come up with some kind of plan. "Come on..." he willed, hoping he would have a sudden brainwave. But, sadly, he didn't. "Darn it!" he exclaimed, opening his eyes. "How the heck am I supposed to save the kingdom if I don't have a plan?"

Haiba looked down at the ground, and a smile spread across his face when he saw a rock right below him. "Hmm..." he said, his smile widening. "Maybe I can use that rock to *knock* some sense into me!" Laughing, he picked up the rock, before bringing it crashing down on top of his head. "Ow!" he cried, dropping the rock, his paws clasped firmly against his head. "Okay... Okay, that was stupid... Ow..."

Haiba stumbled about the place, before – as luck would have it – an idea popped into his head. "Wait..." he thought, as the idea began to take shape. "I've got it!" he cried, grinning. He then winced. It hurt to smile... "If I can't stop Simba, then I'll just... *surrender* to him."

Haiba chuckled, before making his way up the hill. To his very surprise, Haiba had suddenly come up with a heroic plan. A plan that just might work, if it was executed in a smart and clever way.

But that was the hardest part. Haiba wasn't exactly the most intelligent cub around, so this was going to be difficult. Very difficult indeed.

So, I have to get to Simba, steal the Uchoyo Diamond from him, and then destroy it before I'm slaughtered by the mesmerised pride. He laughed nervously. *Simple.*

"I hope they got rid of him," Simba said as he lay on the edge of Pride Rock, watching over all of the land that belonged to him. Everything the light touches. And pretty soon, everything the light *didn't* touch would belong to him as well. "I won't be very happy if I see him crawling around here again..." He gritted his teeth. Anyone who failed to obey him would be eliminated. The whole world would bow down before him!

"Simba..." Nala was still snuggled up to him. It was just like any other day – except that Nala no longer had her free will, of course. All she wanted now was to serve her new King. Simba was her eternal master. "What is your next command? I will do anything for you... Anything..."

"We'll move to the next pride," Simba replied, holding the Uchoyo Diamond up to his face. It sparkled with magic, and Simba's eyes sparkled in response. He wanted more control. So much *more*... "And we'll hypnotise them. Then the next pride, and the next, and the next, until *everything* is in my control!" An evil, greedy grin spread across his face. "*Everything*..." He stroked the diamond. "Then it'll just be you and me, Shiny Thing. You and me *for ever*..."

"Yes, master..." Nala said, nodding. "We will control everything... everything..."

Before long, the entire world would be under Simba's control. And with the Uchoyo Diamond in his possession, no one would be able to stop him. All it took was one look. One look and they were in Simba's power.

But one question Simba was neglecting to ask was this. Was Simba controlling the diamond, or was the diamond controlling Simba?

All he could think about was how much he loved the diamond. He wanted to take care of it. He wanted to look after it. He wanted to *love* it. He *did* love it. And all the while his mind was slowly being drained. It was being drained until Simba was nothing more than one of his victims – a loyal servant to the Uchoyo Diamond. It pulled in everything around it. The diamond was the *true* ringleader of this hypnotic plot. Simba was just one of its servants.

And time was ticking down. It wouldn't be very long before Simba lost his free will also, and everyone would just be zombies. Of course, they would have nothing to do, since the Uchoyo Diamond wasn't a living being. But it still had power, and it wouldn't be long before another person found it, and the whole thing started all over again. It would go on and on and on for all eternity, never stopping, never faltering, and never fading.

It would control everything.

Haiba cautiously ducked behind a bush, his eyes focused on Pride Rock. That was where Simba was. Looking left and right, Haiba couldn't see anyone guarding the area. Everyone was at Pride Rock, all serving their master. King Simba. *Not if I can help it*, Haiba thought, before slowly walking over to Pride Rock, ready to put his plan into action.

He was going up against his own friend. But Haiba knew that it wasn't really Simba's fault. The Uchoyo Diamond had chosen Simba. It was influencing his actions, his decisions. It had a low level psychic ability, which was rare for an inanimate object. Haiba thought that it would have taken someone truly evil to create such a thing. Nothing that complicated came about just by chance. Someone must have invented it...

But the mysteries surrounding the diamond could wait for now. Haiba had a job to do. He had to stop Simba before he himself fell victim to the power of the diamond, along with everyone else. They would all be reduced to zombies if he couldn't destroy the diamond in time.

Haiba glanced up at the edge of Pride Rock, and could make out Simba, lying on the edge. He could see the sparkling Uchoyo Diamond just next to him, glinting with control. He was just lucky that his mind was a little odd, otherwise he would have fallen prey to its hypnotic power.

Okay, Haiba thought, taking a deep breath. *Let's do this.*

"Simba..." Sarabi called. "We have an intruder..."

"*What?*" Simba yelled, walking down Pride Rock, an angry look on his face. "What do you mean, an intruder? That's impossible! Everyone is supposed to be totally under my..." He trailed off when he saw two lionesses dragging Haiba towards him. "Control."

"Hello again," said Haiba, grinning at Simba. "Surprised to see me, Simba? Well, so am I, but there's actually a very good reason for—"

"Execute him!" Simba ordered. The lionesses extended their claws, grabbing Haiba violently, ready to kill him.

"Wait, wait!" Haiba cried, holding his paws up. "You've got it all wrong, Simba! Just listen to me!"

"You have disgraced the name of the Shiny Thing," Simba replied, brandishing the Uchoyo Diamond. "Anyone who does so needs to be punished in a suitable way. And the only suitable way I can see is death."

"But y-you d-don't understand!" Haiba sputtered, an innocent smile on his face. "I'm surrendering! I want you to be my master! I *want* to serve you, Simba! After all, you *are* the King!"

Simba stroked his chin, a thoughtful look on his face. "Hmm... controlling you would be the best option, but how do I know that it'll even work on you? I thought your mind was too messed up already."

"I can *let* it control me," Haiba explained, taking a step towards Simba. "I can give myself to it. I will surrender myself to the... Shiny Thing."

Simba looked down at the diamond in his paw. "Well..." He looked a little apprehensive. "Okay."

He walked over to Haiba, holding the Uchoyo Diamond up to his face. Haiba stared into it, and Simba was sure that it wouldn't be long before Haiba was under his control. "You want it, don't you?" Simba said, smiling. "Pretty, pretty, shiny, shiny..."

As Haiba stared at the sparkling diamond, he realised that it was trying to invade his mind. It was trying to make him surrender to it. It made him *like* it. It made him *love* it. It made him want to lose himself in it.

Not today, Haiba thought, before snatching the diamond out of Simba's paw, catching him by surprise. "Back!" Haiba shouted, backing away from Simba, the diamond raised. "Get back!"

Simba hissed at him. "The Shiny Thing!" he cried, his eyes wide. "Give it back!" he ordered. "Give it back right now!"

"No way," Haiba replied, shaking his head, backing further away from Simba. "I'm ending this right now."

"But I want it!" Simba declared. "I *need* it!" He was desperate to get his precious Shiny Thing back. He loved it more than anything else in the world! It hurt to not have it in his possession!

"I'm going to destroy it!" Haiba announced, ready to smash the Uchoyo Diamond on the ground, ending its hypnotic reign for ever. "It's never going to cause trouble ever again!"

"He's going to destroy the Shiny Thing!" Sarafina cried, pointing to it, a worried look on her face. "Get him!"

Haiba's eyes widened. "Uh-oh," he said, before he was pounced on by all of the lionesses.

"Kill him!"

"Get the Shiny Thing!"

"We must save it!"

They were all trying to grab the diamond from Haiba, who was struggling to keep them at bay. They easily outnumbered him, and that made it hard for him to escape. *I can't let them get it*, he thought, keeping the Uchoyo Diamond as far away from them as possible. *Otherwise this is never going to end!*

Using all of his strength, Haiba escaped from the lionesses, quickly jumping to his paws and running into the den, still clutching the diamond.

He got ready to destroy it when Simba pounced on him, pinning Haiba to the ground. "Give me the Shiny Thing!" he ordered. "It must be protected... It must be loved..."

"Simba, snap out of it!" Haiba cried. "You think you're controlling it, but it's not! *It's* controlling *you*!"

"Shut up!" Simba roared. "I won't have anyone speaking about my precious Shiny Thing like that! I'm going to kill you! You've betrayed me, and you've betrayed the Shiny Thing! Now you must *die*!"

Simba grabbed Haiba by the throat. Haiba tried to push him away, but accidentally let go of the Uchoyo Diamond. It flew across the air, and hit the den wall, where it smashed into a thousand pieces.

The result was instantaneous. The spirals in the lionesses' eyes all faded away, and they blinked several times, back to normal. They all looked around confusedly, muttering to themselves.

Haiba smiled. "Yes!" he cried. "I did it! I actually did it! Now that just leaves..." He turned his head to the side to look at Simba, who stood next to him. He now had spirals in his eyes, and a dopey smile on his face.

"Pretty, pretty, shiny, shiny..." Simba said, looking completely mesmerised.

"What the...?" Haiba had no time to think about this, as Nala came storming over to him, a confused look on his face.

"Haiba!" she called. "What have I been doing all day? I can't remember a thing!"

"Well..." Haiba pointed to Simba. "I think you should take a look at Simba. He'd tell you all about it, but he's kind of... busy."

"Pretty, pretty, shiny, shiny..."

"What's happened to him?" Nala asked, starting at Simba with wide eyes.

"He's been hypnotised," Haiba explained. "You see, he found this diamond – an Uchoyo Diamond – and he used it to hypnotise the entire pride, because it has magical powers. He hypnotised you, too."

Nala gave Haiba a funny look. *Right...* "So if the hypnosis worked on us, then why didn't it work on him?" Nala wondered, a curious look on her face.

"It *did*," Haiba told her. "It has low level psychic abilities. It must have locked on to the most emotional person around at the time, and that was Simba. It must have drawn him in until he found it. So it controlled him, instead of him controlling it. If I didn't stop him in time then you all would have been zombies for ever."

"So what did you do with the diamond?" Nala asked.

"I smashed it," Haiba replied. "Into a thousand pieces. It won't be causing any more trouble."

"But..." She stared at Simba, confused. "If you destroyed it, then why does Simba look so spaced out?"

"Pretty, pretty, shiny, shiny..." Simba said, still hypnotised.

Haiba narrowed his eyes. "I think... it's some kind of side effect. He was controlling you, so when you all regained your free will, it must have... backfired. So now Simba's completely hypnotised, instead of the other way around."

"Will he stay like that for ever?" Nala looked worried.

Haiba shook his head. "No. I destroyed the diamond, so the hypnosis should only last a few days or so."

"A few *days*?" Nala cried, her eyes growing wide. "Just what the heck are we supposed to do with him until then?"

"Pretty, pretty, shiny, shiny..."

"Hmm..." A sly smile spread across Haiba's face. "I can think of a few ideas..."

"Would you like anything else, master?" Simba asked Haiba, as he and Nala lay by the side of the water hole.

"Well... I think you could hunt me some dinner," Haiba said with a grin. Simba was still hypnotised, but Nala and Haiba had decided to put him to work. He made a very obedient little servant... "I'm very hungry."

"Me, too," said Nala, smiling.

"Yes... I will obey..." Simba strode off, willing to do anything for his new masters.

"Do you think he'll be all right?" Nala asked, turning to Haiba.

"Of course he will," Haiba replied. He then smiled. "But I'm in no hurry..."

The End

AN: Aw... I feel so sorry for Simba! It wasn't his fault! Or was it? Well, what do you think? I just can't help but want to change the ending. He didn't deserve it! Oh, well, let's just hope he's back to normal for the next story.

NEXT TIME: A cool, hip cub challenges Simba for future rule of the kingdom. He must pass three tests in order to remain the Prince, otherwise the cub will become the future King...